



MARINA'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A Fourth of July Story by Martha McCulloch Williams.

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"NO: YOU can't go to the barbecue. That's the word with the bark on it," Mrs. Mimms said, glowering at her niece, Marina.

As she knelt in shadow she heard a familiar voice say: "This is my place. I let the old one run it. We're off the same piece, you see. There'd be rows sure if we both staid here. The old one has got sense, though. She never crosses me, no matter what I do."



"PLEASE READ FROM THIS TODAY."

The other man muttered inaudibly. John Mimms ran on: "He was fixin what he called a handy copy of the Declaration—sheets he had got some fool to print for him in big type. Said a man couldn't carry big, heavy books when he had to travel in light marching order. I told him he was right. It was a good idea. I had a good idea too."

"PLEASE READ FROM THIS TODAY," chorusing. Then an old fellow sprang upon a bench, waved a slouch hat and shouted: "Give us 'Dixie,' do! It's got the Fouth er July Dield in it ain't national!"

"I think you ought to let me go," Marina persisted. "I'm 19 and have never heard or read the Declaration of Independence."

The procession began to form at Eton's store, where the big road dipped to the spring valley. Flute and fiddles led it, playing "Lexington" as for life. Then came folk on horseback, solid men, small boys, small girls and very young women; after them the bugles, each with its prancing span; next the carriages and barouches, and last of all, a dozen farm wagons full of tidy colored people and good things for dinner.

"B'jacks, that makes me feel 40 years younger!" a stout man said to his crippled neighbor, who smiled and nodded toward the stars and stripes, saying: "We never dreamed o' such as this back when we fought an bled an died for 'Cousin Sally Ann.' Maybe it all happened for the best. Uncle Sam seems to treat us pretty middlin' fair."

Marina was glad of the hedgesher shelter. She did not mind picking plums. The orchard was infinitely pleasanter than the house. Still she did not care to have everybody see her at work upon a holiday.

The Mimms carriage, gay with bunting and wreaths of summer flowers, was slightly crowded by the glee club, which sang five strong. The back seat was given up to young Dancy and Miss Cora Hill, the soprano. Her white swiss muslin frock was gay with red, white and blue ribbon. Indeed she was throughout a sort of symphony in national colors, having crisp red hair, bright blue eyes and a very white skin.

"I'll sing with you, but I'll lecture for Mr. Page," she said to Dancy. "I do like him, oh, so much! I was in his neighborhood last winter, and he was so nice to me I just couldn't help falling in love with him."

Partisans of both had got up the Fourth of July barbecue, so there had been heaps of fine work in the efforts to set one ahead of the other. At last it had been settled that young Dancy, Mr. John Mimms' man, who had a fine tenor voice, should lead the glee club in singing "Hail, Columbia!" and that his opponent, Leslie Page, should read to the assembled sovereigns the Declaration of Independence.

"If THAT'S YOUR EXCUSE, YOU SHAN'T HAVE IT ANY LONGER," do like him, oh, so much! I was in his neighborhood last winter, and he was so nice to me I just couldn't help falling in love with him."

Page raised the yellowed silk reverently and held it above his head so all might see the tarnished gold of the lettering. "It seems to me almost sacrilege," he said, "for me, for any man, to read anything to a people who own such memories and keep them green."

That had been hard, but not quite so hard as to stand there in that green covert and hear all her world whirling gaily by on the way to Bear Spring and the barbecue. Marina loved the place. The grove was a thick green shade, yet open to every wind that blew. The spring itself danced out from under a wooded hillside and ran away over the clean brown pebbles all the length of a green valley.

"You are the best of all," Miss Hill said to Dancy. "You are the best of all," Miss Hill said to Dancy.

Congressman Page is serving his second term and likely to serve others. His wife is young and beautiful, and her name is Marina. People who know say that the pair are easily the handsomest and the happiest couple in Washington.

CANCER Cannot be Cut Out or Removed with Plasters

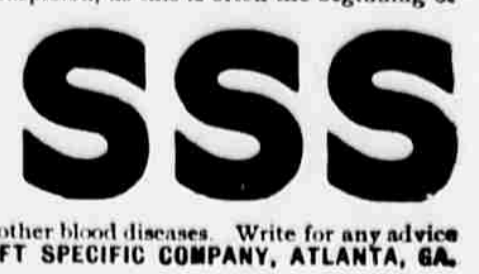
Surgical operations and flesh destroying plasters are useless, painful and dangerous, and besides, never cure Cancer. No matter how often a cancerous sore is removed, another comes at or near the same point, and always in a worse form.

Only Blood Diseases can be Transmitted from One Generation to Another

Further proof that Cancer is a disease of the blood. To cure a blood disease like this you must cure the entire blood system—remove every trace of the poison. Nothing cures Cancer effectually and permanently but S. S. S.



Mrs. Sarah M. Keeling, 31 Windsor Ave., Bristol, Tenn., writes: "I am 41 years old, and for these years had suffered with a severe form of Cancer on my jaw, which the doctors in this city said was incurable, and that I could not live more than six months."



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There are to be a number of state elections prior to the national election in November. The election in North Carolina takes place August 2; in Alabama, August 6; in Arkansas, September 3; in Vermont, September 4; in Maine, September 10, and in Georgia, October 3.



SHE WAS BLIND. A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer—I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is very uncomfortable. I know all about it; it's DYSPEPSIA. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes. A Ripans Tablet.

CATARRH

The Mother of Consumption. How this Dread Disease May be Prevented and Cured—The Greatest of Specialists Writes on the Subject.

Catarrh is the mother of consumption. By this I do not mean that every case of catarrh develops into consumption, but I do mean that every case of catarrh, when unchecked, and when given the proper opportunities for extension from its place of beginning, which is the nasal passages, deeper and deeper along the breathing tract, invariably ends in consumption of the lungs.

NEW LUNGS. Consumption cannot be cured. New lungs cannot be put in a man's chest. More than five fingers of a new nose; but catarrh can be cured in all its stages except this final and always fatal one.

Let me once more urge all catarrhal sufferers to begin treatment at once, for a month of treatment now is better than the three months later on. I shall make for the next month a special low fee for the treatment of catarrh not complicated by other diseases, making no extra charge for all medicines, etc., that may be required.

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